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## Adventures of Tad; —ON THE— HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,  
AUTHOR OF "PETER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT  
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYTON," ETC.  
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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.  
"If there had been anything of much  
value in it," Mr. Forrest observed,  
watching Tad closely, "the owner  
would have been likely to have ad-  
vised in the city papers."

"Yes," returned Tad, "but then we  
shouldn't be any the wiser for that,  
down here in Bixport, for about the  
only city papers that come here are the  
Congregationalist and the New England  
Farmer."

"By George!" said Mr. Forrest, with  
a gay laugh, "my curiosity is consid-  
erably excited by that mysterious sachel.  
Look here, Tad!" he continued, with  
an extravagant display of teeth, "I'm  
one of the queerest fellows you ever  
saw, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll  
give you a new clean ten-dollar bill for  
the bag without seeing it—unknown  
contents and all; what do you say?"

"Couldn't think of it, sir!" Tad re-  
plied, quietly.

"Fifteen?" Well," he continued, gay-  
ly, as Tad shook his head resolutely,  
"what will you take? Twenty? Twenty-  
five?"

"Why, it isn't mine to sell, sir," was  
the same grave reply, and Mr. Forrest  
muttered something under his mus-  
tache in reference to "an obstinate  
young fool," which Tad did not quite  
catch.

Further conversation on the subject  
was prevented by the sudden ap-  
pearance of Polly Flagg, accompanied by  
Joe Whitney, on her way to school.  
Polly, who was a special favorite with  
Miss Smith, had permission to pick all  
the flowers she wanted. So, with a  
smile and nod to Tad, she began cul-  
ling a little bouquet of purple pansies  
for Miss Burbank, her teacher; while  
Joe, with one hand in his pocket, calm-  
ly munching a huge winter Baldwin,  
which he held in the other.

"Have a bite, Mr. Forrest," asked  
Joe, advancing the unbidden side  
of the apple, with easy familiarity.

To please the youth Mr. Forrest con-  
descended and unthinkingly set his  
teeth in a portion of the tempting fruit.  
Joe jerked away his hand suddenly, for  
some reason or other, and stood appar-  
ently transfixed with astonishment as  
he did so, for, inserted in the apple  
which he held was left a very nice set  
of false teeth.

With an inarticulate exclamation Mr.  
Forrest grasped the apple and all, and  
vanished through the gate, leaving a small  
party of three convulsed with laughter,  
which was only checked by the ap-  
pearance of Miss Smith, who conde-  
scended to smile grimly when she heard  
of the unfortunate occurrence.

THE TELL-TALE BITE.  
"False teeth, yes—and, likely  
enough, that mistake of his is false  
too," sharply said the lady, who had  
taken an unaccountable dislike to Mr.  
Forrest from the very first time she  
had laid eyes on him.

"If you take that ridin'le over to  
John Doty's you're a bigger fool than I  
think for," was Miss Smith's tart re-  
mark, when Tad spoke to her on the sub-  
ject. "In free to confess," she  
continued, after a little, "that it  
mightn't be such a bad plan to open  
the bag, and see what's in it—that is,  
if Cap'n Flagg thinks it's the right  
thing to do," she added, for she had  
considerable respect for the Captain's  
judgment. But the Captain was away  
on a coasting trip; so the matter had to  
be deferred until his return, rather to  
the disappointment of Miss Smith,  
whose secret curiosity as to the con-  
tents of the bag had something to do  
with her suggestion.

So, when Tad again saw Mr. Forrest,  
he told him that he guessed he  
wouldn't do any thing about opening  
the sachel, and that he would let it  
perhaps be kept in its mysterious  
some of the city papers yet, if he could  
only get hold of the right one.

Mr. Forrest smiled unpleasantly, and  
said, rather sneeringly, that he had  
kept run of the city papers as con-  
stantly as most people, and to his cer-  
tain knowledge, no such advertisement  
had ever been published, nor would  
there ever be, as the owner was doubt-  
less dead, or had long since given up  
the search of his lost property. Of  
course, Tad would do as he liked—it  
was nothing to him; and Tad noticed a  
decided chill in the tone and manner  
of the usually genial Forrest, as he  
turned away.

And yet, in spite of the gentleman's  
assertions as to the master of the adver-  
tisement he carried in his inside coat-  
pocket a copy of the Boston Journal,  
which contained a notice of consider-  
able importance to Tad Thorne, could  
he but have known it.

CHAPTER XII.  
It was a lovely Saturday afternoon,  
and, of course, a half-holiday for Bix-  
port youth. Tad had been very busy  
all the forenoon, as Mr. and Mrs.

Mason, of Boston, had arrived the  
night before, and taken the spare  
room. They were very wealthy peo-  
ple, who had boarded with Miss Smith  
for three successive summers, find-  
ing in the quiet of this secluded  
village an enjoyment that no crowded  
watering-place could give them.

Tad had seen very little of them,  
and only noticed that the lady was  
rather stout and pleasant-faced, while  
the gentleman was also stout and  
rather jolly. The name was curiously  
familiar, though, and he racked his  
brain in vain to think where he had  
heard it.

Tad always had his liberty on Sat-  
urday afternoon, and, borrowing Mr.  
Kenneth's big, flat-bottomed boat, he  
had invited Joe Whitney, Polly Flagg  
and the dog Bounce to go after lilies in  
Bixport pond—a beautiful sheet of  
water, not far from Deacon Whitney's.

"There's Mr. Mason and his wife al-  
ready," said Polly, glancing ashore;  
"they always put up some lunch, and  
start for the pond just as soon as they  
get fairly settled at Miss Smith's."

"And there are those two Boston  
girls that are boarding at Widow Simp-  
son's—with Mr. Forrest," added Joe,  
with a slight chuckle, as he remem-  
bered the bitten apple.

"Come ashore and have some lunch,  
young folks," called Mr. Mason, who  
was a great favorite in Bixport, be-  
cause, as they said, "he nor his wife  
put on city airs—if they were worth  
half a million dollars."

So the boat was headed for the shore,  
and, as it touched the beach, Polly,  
with both hands full of long-stemmed,  
fragrant treasures, jumped ashore—  
followed more slowly by Tad and Joe.

"John, dear, will you look at those  
lovely lilies!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason,  
and, at the sound of her voice, it all  
came back to Tad—the Pullman car,  
and the night journey to Boston be-  
hind Mrs. John G. Mason's chair, shel-  
tered by Mrs. John G. Mason's cloak.

How funny it was, to be sure!  
The little party gathered round the  
lunch-basket, under the shade of some  
delightfully tall pines, and began to  
discuss a rather substantial lunch. At  
a little distance were the Misses Baker,  
two very nice girls of culture, from  
Boston—and, having said this, it is  
perhaps unnecessary to add that the  
younger wore eye-glasses, and had  
brought a volume of Ruskin for light  
reading, while her sister, with artistic  
tendencies, was seated under a large  
white umbrella before an easel, making  
a sketch of Bixport pond in oils.

Mr. Forrest, who represented himself as  
one of the first families of New York,  
was most elaborately dressed in a coat  
and becoming boating suit of cream-  
colored flannel; and when he arose  
from a very green mossy log on which  
he had been sitting, the effect of color  
was so striking as to draw an audible  
sneer from the observant Joe Whitney.

"Say, Mr. Forrest," he called, with  
his mouth full of sandwich, "I wouldn't  
set down much in them white clo's  
they're all streaked up behind now; be-  
sides, there's lots of bumble-bee-nests  
round here."

Mr. Forrest, who had turned very  
red, did not receive the suggestion in a  
kindly spirit.

"Young man," he said, loftily, "allow  
me to say that your coarse familiarity  
is very unpleasant—have the goodness  
to attend to your own affairs."

"All right," replied Joe, with a wink  
of exquisite meaning directed to Polly,  
who shook her head at him warningly,  
and, after another attack on the easel,  
he sat in silent meditation.

"Got a pin, Polly?" he asked, in a  
low tone, as he wiped a lingering  
crumb or two from his lips with his  
coat-sleeve.

"What do you want of it?" suspi-  
ciously returned Polly.

"Why, I want it!" was the unsatis-  
factory reply.

"Here's one, Joe," said Mr. Mason,  
with a regret to say, a somewhat hu-  
morous twinkle in his eye.

"Now, John!" expostulated his wife,  
as Joe, taking it, rose to his feet and  
stroiled off, "what made you—you  
know that boy is always up to some  
kind of mischief!"

But Mr. Mason, who had stretched  
himself at ease on the green sward,  
with his straw hat over his face,  
seemed suddenly to have fallen into a  
deep sleep, not unpenetrated by an  
occasional snore; so Mrs. Mason, leav-  
ing back against a tree-trunk, fastid-  
iously languidly, and chafing with  
Polly, who was making a lily-wreath  
for her shade-hat, while Bounce lay  
looking on with lazy interest. Tad,  
hugging his knees, which were drawn  
nearly up to his chin, sat a little dis-  
tance off, thinking how singular it was  
that, in a big world, he should again  
have met the owner of the fur cloak,  
and wondering what she would say if  
he knew the part she had played in  
helping him along on his way to Bix-  
port.

It was one of those delightful sum-  
mer afternoons when one feels disin-  
clined to do any thing but dream away  
the idle hours. The clear, untroubled  
surface of Bixport pond reflected the  
drifting white clouds overhead, and the  
tall, whispering pines which bent over  
its margin, as faithfully as some great  
mirror. Far off, at the other end, a  
solitary loon sent out his quivering cry  
from time to time, while now and then  
the shrill note of the loon sent out through  
the warm and stillness of the air with  
monotonous persistence. The murmur  
of Mr. Forrest's voice, as that gentle-  
man, mindful of Joe's warning, re-  
clined gracefully at Miss Baker's feet,  
reached Tad's ears.

"Yes, Miss Baker," he was saying,  
"I am passionately fond of art, and, as  
what's-his-name says, the study of the  
beautiful is a—well, well, oh! oh!"

The wild whoop with which Mr. For-  
rest unexpectedly ended his aesthetic  
remarks startled the young lady so  
much that she dropped her palette,  
paint side down, full upon Mr. For-  
rest's upturned face, while he, spring-  
ing wittily to his feet, began thrashing  
his person with both hands, shouting  
"Shoo! shoo!" as he madly danced  
about the green sward!

"I beg your pardon, ladies," he  
hastily exclaimed, as both the Misses  
Baker stared at him aghast, "I fear  
there is a bee's nest in the vicinity;  
I have just been severely stung by  
one!" But his explanation was

brought to an abrupt close by a singu-  
lar noise, which—a seeming combina-  
tion of stifled scream, repressed gasp  
and smothered laughter—proceeded  
from Joe Whitney, who, with a very  
sudden dive in Joe's direction; but the  
wary youth, evading his grasp, dodged  
under his outstretched arm with a  
hilarious war-whoop, and disappeared  
among the trees.



red face and a long alder stick, in the  
end of which was a pin, had suddenly  
and silently rejoined Tad and Polly.

"You—you young villain!" madly  
exclaimed Mr. Forrest, as the truth  
suddenly flashed across his mind,  
and, with this exclamation, he made a  
sudden dive in Joe's direction; but the  
wary youth, evading his grasp, dodged  
under his outstretched arm with a  
hilarious war-whoop, and disappeared  
among the trees.

Mr. Forrest was very angry, particu-  
larly when he discovered that a smear  
of pea-green paint extended from his  
forehead downward across his nose to  
his cheek, though he made a pretense  
of laughing it off as a joke.

"Just dip my handkerchief in the  
pond-water, Tad, and wipe the paint  
off my face, will you?" he said, throw-  
ing it to Tad, who, taking it in silence,  
scrubbed down Mr. Forrest's face till it  
was tolerably clear. But with the paint  
was a chalky substance from over Mr.  
Forrest's right eyebrow, and, too late,  
that gentleman clapped his hand to his  
forehead, with a slight exclamation.

Tad's sharp eyes detected a small bluish  
smear on Mr. Forrest's temple, that had  
been skilfully hidden by a touch of  
French chalk.

"How are you, Jones," thought Tad,  
with a little twinge of excitement,  
which he carefully concealed, handing  
back the handkerchief with apparent  
unconsciousness of the sharp glance  
given him by the city-bred gentleman,  
who clapped on his hat with considera-  
ble haste.

Tad then rejoined Polly, who had  
pison to her feet, and, after talking a  
little with the amused Mr. Mason, the  
two made their way slowly homeward  
by the shady wood-path that followed  
the pond shore for quite a distance.

"Why, where is Bounce?" cried  
Polly, wondering what made Tad so  
unusually silent. "Here, Bounce!  
Bounce!" Bounce had grown into quite  
a sturdy, good-natured pup, with a  
gruff voice, and a propensity for  
picking up and carrying off any stray  
articles that he found lying about.

Sometimes it was Polly's slipper, or  
perhaps one of Mrs. Flagg's dish-towels;  
but, curiously enough, he never tore or  
destroyed any thing of the kind.

So, as, in answer to Polly's call,  
Bounce presently came rushing toward  
them through the bushes, Polly was  
not surprised at seeing something in  
his mouth.

"Natchy Bounce!" said Polly, with  
make-believe severity, "bring it here  
this moment, sir."

Bounce obeyed at once.

"Why, it's a folded newspaper,  
with Mr. Forrest's name on the edge,"  
she exclaimed, as she took it from his  
mouth. "He must have dropped it out of his pocket  
when he jumped up so quick," added  
Polly, with a merry laugh, in which  
Tad, roused from his abstraction by  
the little incident, at once joined.

"You'll see Mr. Forrest before I do,  
Tad!" Polly continued, as she extended  
the newspaper; "I wish you'd give it  
to him—somehow, I don't like him one  
bit."

"All right," replied Tad, taking the  
paper, "I'll hand it to him when I see  
him; though I don't fancy him much  
myself. But I wonder where on earth  
Joe is!" he added, suddenly noticing  
the prolonged absence of his friend and  
crony.

With this terrible announcement,  
a figure attired in a blanket shirt, with  
disheveled hair hanging about his face,  
which was adorned with alternate  
stripes of crimson, blue and yellow,  
burst forth from the bushes, uttering a  
fiendish and blood-curdling yell.

He shook wildly aloft a white linen un-  
derneath with one hand, while in the other  
was an article held in the manner of an  
Indian spear, which Tad and Polly sim-  
ultaneously recognized as the younger  
Miss Baker's patent folding easel. After  
allowing Mr. Forrest's anger a suffi-  
cient time to cool, Joe had wandered  
back to the shore, where he was at  
once chartered by Miss Baker to carry  
her shawl and sketching utensils back  
to her boarding-place, while Mr. For-  
rest took the little party for a row on  
the pond. The possession of such avail-  
able material was too great a tempta-  
tion for Joe, who had at once utilized  
them, with the effect I have just de-  
scribed.

"Had Ha!" cried the Indian brave,  
executing a fantastic war-dance in the  
middle of the road, while Bounce  
barked, and his two friends regarded  
his paint-smeared face with astonish-  
ment, "does the daughter of the Leani  
Lenape shrink back? Let her have no  
fear—the flower of his tribe was not  
upon helpless women, nor does he fear  
even though the dread avenger be at  
his heels!" Perhaps the red man's ut-  
terance would have been less boastful  
had he known that the avenger, in the  
unexpected person of Deacon Whitney,  
was so close at hand. The deacon, hav-  
ing been hunting up a stray steer  
along the pond shore, had suddenly  
turned a bend in the wood-road in  
time to recognize his errand son's  
voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Clarksville, - - Tennessee.  
Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible  
farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of  
owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders  
not to insure.  
11-30.











